

**PRICE TWO PENCE**

**THE SYDNEY MAIL**  
Notice to the Advertising Public.  
In order to increase the facilities for advertising in the largest circulating journal in New South Wales, we to state that we have been appointed Advertising Agents for Sydney, Melbourne, and London.  
All Advertisements received by us will meet with prompt attention, and be charged at the same cash rates as at HENRIARD, Office.

281, GEORGE-STREET, SYDNEY.  
86, COLLINS-STREET, MELBOURNE.  
121, HOLBORN HILL, LONDON.

**D**RAWING COPIES (elementary) just landed.  
Harlow, consisting of a series of studies in landscape  
figure, flower, fruit, curves, animals, &c. Price, two-pence  
each. J. READING and CO. (late Reading and W  
bank), 256, George-street.

**M**USIC, at greatly REDUCED PRICES, on SATURDAY for a few days only, at J. READING and Co. Musical Repository, 356, George-street.—A large number of Vocal and Instrumental Music, being the best Stock of Songs, Piano-forte Pieces (Solo and Duett), Dance Music in great variety, mostly in good condition now offered for selection at the following rates:—

Pieces published at 4s	charged at 1s each
" " 3s 6d	10d
" " 3s	9d

In addition to the above are comprised various volumes of music, albums, tutors, &c.; also for sale, at greatly reduced prices.

For the convenience of purchasers, the above have been placed apart from the general stock of music, and are ready for sale.

**JAMES READING AND CO.,** 356, George-street

**5** QUIRES good Cream-laid NOTE PAPER 1 lb. free 1s 6d. F. and E. COLE, 380, George-st.

**L** INEAR NOTE. 5-quire box, as-ried colours 1 lb. post free 2s. F. and E. COLE, 380, George-st.

**T**ELL ME, MARY, HOW TO WOO THEE, a photographic portrait of Mr. ARNOLD Beaumont, 3s., post free for stamps. J. R. CLARKE, Print

**ALBUMS, for PORTRAITS.**—A choice assortment of new goods now on view, at SANDON'S, George-street, 324, Hunter-street.

**THE MODEL COPY-BOOK**—the best in use, in 12 at 3s 6d, at SANDON'S, 324, George-street.

**FAMILY HERALD** for 1868, just opened, price 9s at SANDON'S, 324, George-street.

**DRAWING COPIES**, elementary and advanced: 1

supply of new copies on view, at Sandon's, George

**THE CHEAP CIRCULATING LIBRARY**  
 26, Hunter-street.  
 (Subscriptions in advance.)

	Monthly.	Quarterly.	Yearly.
One Book at the time ..	1s. 6d.	4s.	15s.
Two Books at the time ..	2s. 6d.	8s. 6d.	25s.

Catalogues can be had, 3d each, sent added.  
 Orville College, by Mrs. Henry Wood

**H. F. DELARUE**, Watchmaker and Jeweller,  
to inform his customers and the public that he  
REMOVED from 409 to 396, George-street, four  
south of Post Office, where, with a first-class stock of  
some and fashionable Jewellery, Watches, and Clocks  
solicits a continuance of their patronage.  
**H. F. D.** has received ex-Avoca some superior  
London-made Patent Lever Watches.  
Brazilian-pearl Spectacles, 10s per pair; and Invail-

**HARRISON and JOHNSON**  
STOCK and STATION AGENTS,  
WOOLBROKERS, AUCTIONEERS,  
and  
CATTLE SALESMEN.  
—  
WOOL STORES—Circular Quay.  
SALE YARDS—Victoria Yard, Sydney.  
OFFICES—Bolt-street—Brisbane Pitt-street—Melbourne.

**CABINETMAKERS, UPHOLSTERS, & GENERAL HOUSE FURNISHERS.**  
Castleside street, near King-street.  
**RAPHAEL and CO.,** having purchased the business in-trade, and all effects connected with the firm **LENIHAN and CO.,** respectfully inform their friends and the public, they are carrying on the same with the original staff of employees, consequently can offer to purchasers a selection from the largest, most varied, and

description of goods in the colony, at reduced prices, to effect of the present stock, and make such improvements in the premises as will enable them the better to encourage colonial industry and compete with English manufacture. They have landed, a splendid assortment of gilt chimney, pier, bedstead glasses, grey and white Dantico feathers, grey white down, fancy occasional chairs, and a great variety of drawing-room suites. An early inspection will oblige.

RAPHAEL and CO.,  
CABINETMAKERS and UPHOLSTERERS

**W**OOL, SHEEPSKINS, TALLOW, HIDES, &c.  
The undersigned continues to receive wool, skins, tallow, hides, &c., for SALE, or shipment, and makes liberal allowances thereon.

**IRWIN and TURNER.** 171, Pitt-street.

**P**POTATOES, Potatoes, the best and cheapest Cured Head in Sydney. **L. MORAN,** Victoria Wharf.

**P**OTATOES, POTATOES.—Sound fresh cargo, prices. Market Wharf; or J. WALKER, Patent Office.

**S**UPERIOR POTATOES, now landing ex Fr Edward, from Circular Head. H. Clarke, Victoria.

**D**ATES, fresh landed ex mail, from the Red HENRY FISHER and SON, Macquarie-place.

**F**INE Muscat DATES, in small bags, 20 and 50 HENRY FISHER and SON.

**JOSEPH WERNKE, Auctioneer** Flour Mills, foot  
Bathurst-street, Sydney.  
Superfine Flour, seconds: kiln-dried, Corn Flour, &c.  
The best and cheapest in Sydney.

**COLONIAL WINE.** Vintage 66, from the celebrated  
Vineyard of the late E. COX, Esq., Penrith, Maitland.  
Only a few hogsheads for SALE by the undersigned, on  
order of the Executors—consisting of BURGUNDY,  
HERMITAGE, and MADEIRA.  
S.S.F.-A.

bottled at the Stores in Sydney, and samples can be  
 obtained with all particulars by applying to  
 ROBERT MURIEL, Auctioneer, No. 221, Pitt-st  
 North.

**I**RON MONGERY SAL  
 TO STOREKEEPERS, BUILDERS, and OTHE  
 The undersigned, in order to close the business a  
 early date, are now offering their stock of GENER

**IRONMONGERY at COST PRICE.**  
Liberal terms to wholesale purchasers.  
**B. C. WEEKES and CO., Ironmongers, 388, George street.**

**SODA WATER BOTTLES.**—The undersigned have a hand sufficient stocks of the best English Soda Water Bottles to enable them to execute all orders for the season, at a greatly reduced price.  
**ELLIOTT, BROTHERS, 112, Pitt-street.**

**EX HARLOW.**—Ladies, we have just received from the home market two cases of Underclothing: Baby Linen; having been purchased during the late dearth in cotton, will be found on inspection to be the cheapest of this city. Filled chemises, 2s 9d; night dresses, 2s 11d; drawers, seven tucks, 2s 11d; hip bodies, 1s 11d; infant shirts, 6d; bibbs, 6d; sun hats, 1s 11d; night dress 1s 11d; gowns, 2s 6d; and any article in underclothing considerably below the usual prices. At E. WAY'S, and 265, Pitt-street, next Wax Works.

**W**ATERPROOF Shooting, Accouchement Belts, E. and less Belts, Nursing Stays in the approved make Nursing Aprons, Oil Silk, and every article in Ladies Corsetting, and Baby Linen. **R. WAY**, 263 and 266, Pitt.

**D**RAPPED, on Saturday evening, near Randolph Yellow Jacket and Black Cap. Reward. **Talbot**

**L**OST, FOODLE DOG. The person who returns

**L**OST, on THURSDAY last, a Lady's Reticule B. Reward at Bradford's Hotel, Wynyard-square.

**L**OST, from the Dutch barque Zephir, a White Fox DOG. Any person returning him on board Zephir, Circular Quay, will be rewarded.

**L**OST, a small Scotch TERRIER DOG, with owner's name, and former address on collar. Finder with

**STRAYED** to 172, Kent-street, Fiddle DOG. Can have it by paying expenses.

**FIVE SHILLINGS REWARD.**—**LOST**, on Saturday evening, corner of Liverpool-street, in or out of Dernelley's shop, a **Black SCARF SHAWL**. Appl. to **MR. DERNELLEY'S**.

**FOUND**, a **Black-and-white DOG**, the owner can

**F** it by paying expenses. 123, Kent-street.







## THE LAND.

(From the Sydney Mail, September 12.)

THE chief news of importance from England relates to the LICHTER MEETING OF THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY. As yet no more than the report of some of the implement and machinery trials, which occurred before the show of stock, have arrived; but these contain two most interesting matters to be passed over. The trial ground comprised within its limits 180 acres. The trial of the general purpose ploughs came first. The contest lay between the makers; but it is remembered, not the users. Eleven competitors entered, and three judges saw that all was fair. To each competitor a width of 21 feet was given to plough, marked off at the ends with stakes numbering the plot. After opening up the plot with a furrow to the right, and another to the left, abutting upon the plot next in position, and taking three turns, each competitor was to begin the regular work of the competition by taking four turns with a furrow six inches in depth, then four with a seven and a-half inch furrow, and to finish off with a nine-inch furrow. The report of which we take advantage says that, so far as could be seen, the prize lay between three of the eleven competitors, these being Howard, Hornsby, and Ransome. The writer relates to a tendency to revert to wooden handles in preference to iron ones, the former being found more yielding in stiff work. These ploughs had all wheels. The swing ploughs, without wheels, were in a class to themselves. The light land ploughs seem to have been tried, four and eight, and the best work is reported to have been done by Messrs. Howard and Messrs. Ransome and Sims.

Following these were the trials of cultivators, scarifiers, harrows, clod-crushers, and rollers, under another set of judges, three in number. The condition of the ground, in consequence of the drought, was so adverse that, of the number competing, only Clay and Bentall got through with their plots. Comstock's rotary spheroid tried and failed. The comparative ineffectiveness of horse power as compared with steam power was well shown at this meeting. Steam evidently places a wide range of work within reach of the farmer. Messrs. Fowler, the forerunners in steam ploughing machinery, brought upwards of 300 tons of machinery upon the ground. They showed steam appliances for almost every kind of work connected with tillage. They had two engines of 20-horse power, and two of 12, four of 10, and one of 8-horse power. Their engines are remarkable for displaying to the fullest possible extent the use of steel in their construction—a material of only comparatively recent introduction, but which bids fair to bring about quite a new era in mechanical construction, by combining the maximum of strength with the minimum of weight. The set of two 10-horse power engines was set to work to smash up land baked as hard as a solid rock, and broke up to the depth of nine inches nearly an acre an hour—including the time occupied in setting down and getting to work. This firm showed a set of apparatus of a different construction. "The implements work to and fro between the engines, one of which is placed on one headland, the other on the opposite, each implement taking only half the field, both meeting in the centre. Another set, of great power, the engines being fitted with two speeds for heavy and light draught, is going to Louisiana, in America, for cultivating sugar plantations. The same firm shows a new cultivator, fifteen feet wide, and a great harrow."

The other exhibitors in this class were Messrs. Howard; Hayes, of Stony Stratford, who worked a Smith's cultivator; and Tasker, of Andover. These steam cultivators and ploughs gave the harrows and rollers that were employed to reduce the land they had tilled about in huge masses a pretty severe time of it. The report says: "The majority were too light for such heavy work, and were driven over the rough surface like cockshells in a sea with nasty cross waves on." We shall have to wait for the results of these experiments. One little piece of information, however, will show to those interested in such concerns, how careful the English judges are in preparing the grounds on which they base their decisions. Not only must the work done by each steam-plough have a good appearance, it must be more closely tested. The weight of soil per square yard lifted by each is ascertained. Howard, of Bedford, lifted 30 at 6 lbs.; Tasker, 22 at 4 lbs.; Fowler, 33 at 5 lbs.; Hayes, 13 at 6 lbs. The total show of implements was further increased this year. There were 6869 entries. There were twenty-three sheds, 300 feet long by 20 feet wide. There were fifteen sheds, 200 feet long. For the first time there were eight sheds, 160 feet long and 13 feet wide. For machinery in motion there were two sheds, 1050 feet long by 25 feet wide.

The farmers do not tell a pleasant tale, nor bear their reverses quietly, judging from the papers. They complain in the columns of the agricultural weeklies of the long continued drought and its effects. Wheat is the only crop that seems to stand the heat, and everywhere the harvest is hurried on. The barley looks sickly, hay crops go into very small compass; the pastures are bare, large breadths of turnips are past recovery. The thermometer varies between 70° and 90° Fah. In England they have known such things before. Years of drought are historical. The *Annual Register* contains many records of the kind.

In 1816 great preparations were made to ward off famine. Immense quantities of barley, oats, and rye arrived from America; large quantities of Indian corn from America; and beans and Indian corn from Italy and Egypt. Hay was sent from New York and barley from Constantinople. In October, oats were worth from 5s. to 5s. 6d. per bushel of 48 lbs.; barley, 8s. to 12s. 9d. per bushel of 48 lbs.; wheat, 12s. to 12s. 9d. per bushel of 48 lbs.; beans, 10s. to 80s. per quarter.

Those who are in search of Godthorpe stock will have an opportunity of gratifying their taste on Wednesday next. We understand that Mr. Richard Cox, in leaving Greystones, near Paramatta, offers by unreserved sale the herd he has been for some time collecting. It is matter for satisfaction that although Greystones changes owners it is not likely to pass into oblivion, but is destined to stand out in future as a model for the county of Cumberland. Mr. Walter Lamb, who succeeds Mr. Cox in possession, has already commenced to lay the foundation of such a herd of shorthorns as shall reflect credit upon the colony. We learn with pleasure that it is not only his intention to show what may be done by careful selection in the improvement of live stock, but to exemplify upon the land the results of liberal management in conformity with the principles of good husbandry. It is a novel for the country for a gentleman to quit the town for the country for the purpose of investing his property in this beneficial manner. But while there is an air of patriotism about the procedure which we are glad to recognise, we feel assured that the step, if taken and maintained in prudence, will prove highly profitable. Indeed, in this consideration lies the encouragement and worth of the act. A

farm that is an example farm must be conducted for profit; and it is something to find an astute business man seeing his way to make a profit by farming in Cumberland, when most of our wisecracks recognise nothing but failure and desolation. We hope that this example may bear its fruit, and that many gentlemen who now allow others to play with their money in companies and the like, may see to the investment of it themselves, in a way that will give them a practical interest in life and a special influence in the advancement of the colony. The four hundred guinea bull Imperial Purple is decidedly a good beginning; that is to say, if he is in any way equal to his brother Grand Prince, who now presides over the Neotfield herd. The business now is to get him well mated, and then to be careful of the progeny. Too little care is exercised by breeders here in the preservation of a high type of form. There is a tendency to regard blood as being everything, whereas it is extremely dangerous to the future character of a herd to disregard form for blood. It is possible for an animal to have a pedigree as long as one's arm, but yet to be a very sorry beast. The pedigree may present such a jumble as to neutralise whatever might be valuable in it. Mr. Willoughby Wood says, and says truly, that he considers the stamping out system, exercised by some beneficent power, in the case of bulls palpably below an average standard of merit, would be a great blessing to the country. "Nothing," he continues, "short of a measure of that kind will free us, we doubt, from the curse of bad cattle, bred solely because bad bulls, got at little cost, have proved a temptation too great to be resisted by those who are not in the habit of taking results into consideration, or of weighing the good against the evil." This is said for the benefit of English breeders, and is very applicable here. "We have frequently seen bulls," says another shorthorn authority, "that it would have been an act of the greatest kindness, even to the owner, to have knocked on the head, were it for no other reason than to frighten them against breeding such brutes on their farms, and bringing them out for sale." As it is desirable that buyers of bulls should not be deceived by blood, neither should they be deceived by condition. Many a faulty form will carry "condition," and be concealed by it. In this matter the judges at our shows should be careful not to mislead the public judgment. Always strength of physical character, and superiority of contour should be placed before condition. When the time comes for us to supply England with beef, it will be found that this question of quality is a very important one. The burden of freight will decrease in a certain ratio to the increase of quality in the meat.

The *Queenslander* affords some interesting information relative to SUGAR. "The sugar season has now started in right earnest, and with fair prospects of success. The proprietors of the Playstone Sugar Plantation have entered into arrangements with a Sydney firm for the purchase of a large sugar and rum making plant, which is to be landed in the Mackay some three months hence." Things are looking well at Maryborough. A great deal of new machinery is being added, and new planting being undertaken. A new system of dealing with the produce of the growers also is adopted. By the former method, one-half of the sugar went to the manufacturer, and one-half to the growers; now the manufacturer is to purchase the cane by weight, the price varying according to the saccharine quality of the cane. The Central Mills at Maryborough are making two tons of sugar daily. The first season's crop from one plantation reached Brisbane a week since, and sold at £37 10s. per ton. Six tons were the produce of three acres. The sugar growers are increasing, and it seems that accessions to the number are expected from the West Indies and Victoria.

In Victoria the existence of drought is found to be trying. The *Economist* mentions that "Many runs are severely suffering from an unusual scarcity of grass; neither the natural nor artificial grasses being able to stand against drought and frost, of which the latter have been very hard upon the young feed this last month or two." The words of advice on the situation are as applicable to settlers here as well as there. "However severe the present weather may be upon the young crops it is equally favourable to those who are busy in preparing their land for roots, and every season's experience tends to prove the importance of growing these aside to our pastures. Those farmers who have now a few acres of mangolds in store stand in almost an enviable position with those who have not made this provision. A good manager ought always, in providing for the future, to calculate how long each area of fodder will last, and it will always pay to be liberal in the calculation. There is good sense here, as is usual in the *Economist*. The same paper mentions the exhibition of two carcasses of mutton, preserved by Mr. Linwood. They are now on their way to London, being consigned to Messrs. Cross and Blackwell for their verdict. One of these will be kept, the other will be returned to Melbourne, and will thus undergo a pretty severe test.

Mr. Melmoth Hall has just returned from the Clarence, bringing with him samples of the different varieties of cane grown there. They are the result of ten months' growth, or perhaps it would be more correct to say eight months, seeing that for two months after planting they were at a standstill for want of rain. They average seven feet, and are sufficiently ripe for manufacture, although by being kept two months longer of season the yield would be greater.

The secretary of the AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY of NEW SOUTH WALES calls attention to the arrival of seed rice at the society's rooms, for distribution. It appears that a large body of the horticulturists are about to ally themselves with this society, since they find that its operations are likely to prove very favourable to their objects.

It is with pleasure we find that marked success has attended the spirited endeavours of the projectors of the Northern Agricultural Society. The results of the Singleton meeting, and the pecuniary state of the society, will be seen from particulars contained in another column.

TAPPING THE TELEGRAPH.—In the discussion of the Telegraph Bill before the Committee of the House of Commons, Sir C. Wheatstone's explanation of his cryptograph, the instrument by which ciphers are transmitted, was very entertaining, and still more so when the explanation was "milked" or "tapped" by the wires. This, it seems, has never been attempted for serious purposes—not even, as a witness said, in the case of racing operations—but it can be done. A clever clerk can read a message in transit at do so by the sound of the wire. This is a most perfectly marvellous, and there is no end to electric wonders. The French Government, it seems, have accused of milking and tapping, but they have denied it. There must be a great many persons in collusion to "tap" successfully on system, and the fact is always discovered without delay.—*Court Journal*.

A dandy of twenty-six, having been termed an "old bachelor," appeared to an elderly gentleman to decide whether he should be called old or not, giving his age. "Twenty-six," said the elderly gentleman. "It is owing to how you take it. Now, for a man, it is young enough; but for a goose it is rather old."

## BEER-CLUBS.

(From the London Review.)

THE barley harvest has come, and will soon be followed by hop-picking. The exceptional weather of the past summer, with its long continuance of drought and unclouded suns, has prematurely ripened the crops and advanced their ingathering. It has proved singularly beneficial to the hops; and, on the whole, has dealt with the barley far more kindly than was at first anticipated. If the produce of the latter will fall short of the average, the yield of the former will be abundant—at least, so far as present appearances can justify the old saying, "You can never be sure of the hops until you have got them into your pocket." Poor in ear, stunted in stalk, thin and defective, as the barley is in places, yet to the eye it has presented its accustomed field-of-the-cloth-of-gold aspect, or seemed "like a sea of glory, becalmed upon the plain;" while the tall bines of the hops are laden with fruitful clusters of that most graceful and picturesque plant that exalt the English hopyard as superior in beauty to the Italian vineyard. We may hope that their present fair promise will be amply fulfilled, and that the "pockets" of hops will help to fill the pockets of their growers.

The beautiful combination of the barley and hop not only suggests mundane thought of beer, but their ingathering is also the cause of a great consumption of that liquid by reapers and pickers in the fields and grounds amid sheaves and bins. Beer in bottles, beer in cans, and beer in tiny little wooden barrels that can be lifted by the thirty-lb. is a necessary accompaniment of the equipment of the harvester and hop-picker. Sweltering under a broiling sun, perishing at every pore grateful to him is that draught of beer as he lies stretched in a strip of shade to snatch a few minutes' rest from work! It is as the drink ambrosia, liquid amber, the nectar of the gods, although known to mortals by the familiar name of beer; and refreshed by its welcome aid, he returns to his long-sweeping stroke with scythe or sickle, and bends his back to the sun's rays, having gained a new lease for labour. It is true, that in a few isolated cases "a drink" of water is made to take place of beer; and it is also true that in many instances cold tea is made the substitute—and not a bad one, for, if it be made without milk and sugar, it has the advantage of many goose-shooters, and deer-stalkers, in being the beverage that carries a man through a hard day's work. It is moreover true that in the cider counties, although for the most part they are hop-growing districts, the apple takes precedence of hop and barley as a foundation for the favourite liquor of the day-labourer, who, perhaps, is born and bred to the fruit of that tree which, eight centuries ago, was pronounced by William of Malmesbury to be indigenous to Worcestershire soil, and which was also so plentiful in Herefordshire that Fuller quaintly said of that county, "This shire better answereth to the name of Pomerania than the dukedom of Germany so called, being a continued orchard of apple-trees, whereof much cider is made," and not only made, but drunk; for in that pleasant region of English cider, and not beer, is the recognised quencher of thirst among the fillers of the soil and the gatherers of the fruits of the earth. But whatever local popularity may be achieved by cider in certain districts, yet, if we take the country through, beer is the national beverage of the Briton. You may deprive a pauper of his vote without hurting him, and if you steal his purse you only steal trash, but to "rob a poor man of his beer" is the most heinous crime in England's catalogue, and merits the severest punishment. But how, and from whence, does the poor man procure his beer, and what is the composition of that curious and abominable liquid sold to him at public-houses under the slandered name of beer? These are questions worthy of thoughtful consideration, and they may be pressed home with peculiar force at the season of barley-harvest and hop-picking.

As the colour of the grain changes to burnished gold and ruby orange it is the custom in rural districts—more especially in the Ridings and Eastern counties, where cider is not common—for thirty cottagers to brew a small barrel of beer, as they say, "for the harvest." It is designed to help them through the extra work of the season, and to save them the trouble and expense of having their beer-bottles replenished at the public-house. Now, such a custom as this seems to us to be worthy of all approval, and to deserve a wider acceptance among our rural population. And the chief reason why it is not more widely adopted is to be found in the lack of method and management which is the bane of the English poor. Rather than put by a sixpence to provide themselves with whole beer at their own homes, they prefer to spend a shilling in procuring a drugged drink from the public-house. The sight of a frugal neighbour, who is able to draw his own beer from his own barrel, instead of being to them an example worthy of imitation, is regarded with mingled jealousy and envy, as a mere nine days' wonder, of annual recurrence at harvest time, but not to be looked for at any other season. To the ordinary rustic, home-brewed beer is an unnatural and exceptional production; and what he calls "publican's beer" is his normal beverage. Hodge might urge—and with some degree of reason—that he could not brew at home, because he does not possess what a brewer would call the necessary "plant;" he has neither barrel nor copper. There is an obvious hindrance here, though it is one that could be overcome without much difficulty (cottagers have been known to use a large iron pot with success), especially if a group of neighbours were shown how they might combine to purchase a copper for mutual use. In brewing and other domestic purposes, this is a case where cottagers might help themselves, if they chose to do so. But "there's the rub!" Yet, setting aside this, and for the sake of argument, dismissing to the limbo of the impracticable all considerations of "home-brewing by cottagers," we would ask, "What is there, in the majority of cases, to prevent cottagers from buying wholesome beer from respectable brewers, unless it be the lack of management and thrift? The one only thing that they seem to make an effort to purchase in the lump, instead of by dribsles, is the sack of flour. Coals, beer, and other articles of consumption that might be laid up in store, they buy, as it were, in pennyworths, and receive for their outlay only the halfpenny's value. They can lay by for flour and for house-rent, but for nothing else, unless they are helped to do so by themselves. Hence the origin in rural districts of those clothing-clubs, coal-clubs, shoe-clubs, blanket-clubs, and other clubs of the like nature, which are of so great benefit to the poor, and contribute so much to the comfort and well-being of the cottager's family. In such clubs as these Hodge and his neighbours are quick to recognise the good of the penny laid by from week to week until they have accumulated to the sum required for the proposed end; and,

so long as the club maintains the prefix of "coal" or "clothing," or some such magic name, its respectability and importance is guaranteed, and clergymen and district visitors take it in hand readily and fearlessly, with the full assurance that they are working in a good cause.

Why should not there be clubs by whose aid the cottager should be enabled to have his necessary beer, in a wholesome condition and at a fair price, not only at harvest time, but all the year round? We believe that any well-digested plan towards securing this end would be a consummation worthy to be wished for, and would greatly advance the temperance movement. Of course we speak of real temperance, and not that which is connected with the "Alliance." The fanatics whose creed is "Total Abstinence" (though not from meat and virulent abuse) temptation in the poor man's way; if the labourer has a barrel of beer in his house, he will not rest satisfied until he has drunk it, and been made drunk by it." To which one might reply, "If you have a joint of beef before you, do you leave any of it for the next day? If I have not only barrels of beer in my cellar, but wine and spirits also, does it necessarily follow that I must be tipping all day long?" The fact is, that in five cases out of six the poor man who, on rare occasions, gets fuddled or overcome at the public-house, is not the person who is most to blame. His landlord may have lodged him in a hovel far inferior in its adaptation to its destined purpose than are the stables for the horses or the stalls for the oxen. And if poor Hodge occasionally exchanges the wretched squalor and discomfort of his home for the comparative brightness and cosiness of the village ale-house, what wonder is it if, when being there and pressed to drink by jovial company, he should sometimes succumb to the influence of the hour and of the drugged drink? Very rarely indeed can "publican's beer" be obtained from the village public-house at less than fourteenpence the gallon, and its usual price is sixteenpence, for which is supplied a thick nauseous liquor, in which cocculus indicus and the like ingredients create a maddening thirst. The vendors of this stuff will tell you that the agricultural labourers prefer it to a poorer and thinner drink. And it is quite possible that this may be partly true, and that Hodge may need education not only in the three R's, but also in his taste for beer. All we would ask is, give him a trial. Keep him away from the public-house and all its abominations, not only by giving him a decent home to live in and a plot of garden to cultivate, but also by enabling him to have in his own house his own barrel of beer, that he may share it with his wife and growing children, who need it as badly as he himself does. Show him the way in which he may help himself in these matters, or, if need be, help him a little in them; and we fully believe that the foul weed of drunkenness would be greatly thinned, if not wholly eradicated, through the medium of village beer-clubs.

## LETTERS OF KING THEODORE TO SIR R. NAPIER.

A BATCH of fresh papers connected with the Abyssinian expedition was published on the 10th June. Among the documents are two communications addressed to the Commander-in-Chief by the late King Theodore after the defeat of his army at Argege. These curious letters, translated from the original Amharic, will be read with interest:—

"No. I.  
"Delivered by Lieutenant Prideaux and the Dajaz Alamie on 11th April, 1868. Note, without superscription, seal, signature, or date. Along with it was returned the Commander-in-Chief's letter of that morning, in which the King was called upon to submit. In the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost, one God in His Trinity and His Unity, Kassa, whose trust is Christ, thus speaks: O people of Abyssinia, will it always be thus that you flee before the enemy, when I myself, by the power of God, go not forth with you to encourage you? Believing that all power had been given to me, I had established my Christian people in this heathen spot. In my city are multitudes whom I have fed; maidens protected and maidens unprotected; women whom yesterday made widows; and aged parents who have no children. God has given you the power. See that you forsake not these people. It is a heathen land. My countrymen have turned their backs on me, and have hated me, because I imposed tribute on them, and sought to bring them under military discipline. You have prevailed against me by means of people brought into a state of discipline. My followers who loved me were frightened by one bullet, and fled in spite of my commands. When you defeated them I was not with the fugitives. Believing myself to be a great lord I gave you battle; but, by reason of the worthlessness of my artillery, all my pains were as naught. The people of my country, by taunting me with having embraced the religion of the Franks, and by ten different ways, had provoked me to anger against them. Out of what I have done of evil towards them may God bring good. His will be done. I had intended, if God had so decreed, to conquer the whole world; and it was my desire to die if my purpose could not be fulfilled. Since the day of my birth till now no man has dared to lay hand on me. Whenever my soldiers began to waver in battle it was mine to arise and rally them. Last night the darkness hindered me from doing so. Your people who have passed the night in joy, may God not do unto you as he has done to me. I had hoped, after subduing all my enemies in Abyssinia, to lead my army against Jerusalem, and expel from it the Turks. A warrior who has dangled strong men in his arms like infants will never suffer himself to be dangled in the arms of others."

"No. II.  
"Delivered on April 12, by Mr. Bender and the King's scribe. Note.—Sealed with the Royal seal. In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, one God: The King of the Kings, Theodorus: May it reach the beloved servant of the great Queen of England. I am writing to you without being able to address you by name, because our intercourse has arisen so unexpectedly. I am grieved at having sent you my writing of yesterday, and at having quarrelled with you my friend. When I saw your manner of fighting, and the discipline of your army, and when my people failed to execute my orders, then I was consumed with sorrow to think that although I killed and punished my soldiers, yet they would not return to the battle. Whilst the fire of jealousy burned within me, Satan came to me in the night and tempted me to kill myself with my own pistol. But reflecting that God would be angry with me if I were to go in this manner and leave my army without a protector, I sent to you in a hurry, lest I might die and all things be in confusion before my message should reach you. After my messenger had gone, I cocked my pistol, and

putting it in my mouth pulled the trigger. Though I pulled and pulled yet it would not go off. But when my people rushed upon me, and laid hold of the pistol, it was discharged just as they had drawn it from my mouth. God having thus signified to me that I should not die, but live, I sent to you Mr. Rassam that same evening that your heart might be made easy. To-day is Easter, be pleased to let me send a few cows to you. The reason of my returning to you your letter yesterday was that I believed at that time that we should meet one another in heaven, but never on earth. I let the night pass without sending for the body of my friend Fectarasse Gabre, because I thought that after my death we should both be buried together; but, since I have lived be pleased to allow him to be buried. You require from me all the Europeans, even to my best friend, Mr. Waldemair. Well, be it so. They shall go. But now that we are friends, you must not leave me without artisans, as I am a lover of mechanical arts."

To Sir Robert Napier the above letters appeared to contain nothing which was calculated to induce him to modify the resolution he had formed of insisting at all hazards on Theodore's surrender. On the contrary, they rather confirmed the impression that the King identified the idea of friendship of the English forces with that of support against his enemies. "It is also necessary," remarks the Commander-in-Chief,

"If we would avoid acquiring from the perusal of these letters an erroneous conception of Theodore's disposition, to read them less in the light of the language which he holds in them than in that of the actions and tenor of his past life. Thus it will not be forgotten that, while they were being written, the mangled remains of at least 200 of his countrymen who had been butchered by his order, and some of them with his own hand, were exposed to view at the bottom of the rock from which they had been thrown. The treacherous manner in which, only a few days before the appearance of our army, he plundered the peasants of the districts round Magdala, who, trusting to his solemn promise of protection, had always been faithful to him, may be further taken as a further illustration of the late King's real character."

Sir Robert Napier remarks, in the course of a despatch dated the 18th June, that the widow who died in the English camp had been more of a prisoner than a wife. Her father was kept in confinement till he died, and her two brothers till the English released them.

## WHAT SHOULD WE DRINK?

(From the Athenaeum.)

What should we drink? A query suggested by Mr. E. L. Beckwith's "Practical Notes on Wine." By James L. Denman. (Longmans and Co.)

MR. BECKWITH was an "Associate Juror and Reporter on Wines at the Paris Exhibition, 1867." In a little work, to which Mr. Denman replies, he has spoken in terms of praise of some of our old, and some of our not yet departed, favourites. Mr. Denman, who is known as a wine-controversialist as well as a wine-merchant, takes exception to the praise. He formerly dealt in the usual variety; he is now more exclusive; and is, in England, the great champion of the Greek Bacchus. "My object," he says, "is merely to make known the merits of pure wine. If port and sherry were good, I should not have sought for other wines; but with the excellent business once accosting to me from them." He further infers that, if he had not struck pure fountains in Greece, the public would not have drunk of them out of his pitchers; and then, lifting his hat to Dionysius, as the sole god of wine, *homo optimus* *optimus*, beneficent to the thirsty, he assails all others, sometimes successfully enough, as utterly unworthy the smallest pinch of grateful incense.

The gods sent the grapes; but the wine-makers are of the Devil. Mr. Denman is quite right in denouncing adulteration. Of what champagne was once made, we do not know; of what a good deal is made, we may judge by the fact that it is often bought for exportation at a shilling a bottle, to be drunk by far-off people at prices which seem to guarantee that it is superior to the sugared, brandied, carbonic, acid-gassed concoctions tripped in Europe; and as to what it may be hereafter made of, we may conjecture from the hints of wine-makers that future champagne-vineyards will be found in the petroleum wells.

People do not drink enough even of champagne in this country to be much afflicted with the serious results of which continuous swallows are the victims. There is more danger with the burgundy, the devotees to which would do well not to disregard the *single* they will sometimes feel in their fingers. The warning is serious. As for claret, they are professedly drunk under so many names—the most esteemed of which is not a warrant for the wine being what it is called—that, cunningly as they are made, the more they are craftily qualified with good water, by the drinker, the better for him. The cheap wines are not unwholesome when thus modified; but pure claret is a wine of price.

The supply of any sort of wine will always be up to the demands of the market as long as Certe exercises its industry of making any wine of any clime that caprice may require. Indeed, seeing how easily every wine district can "manufacture" the wines which its vineyards are insufficient to produce, drinkers need not despair either as regarding the wants of themselves or of their children. The Germans are not behind the French in this respect. There may be grapes enough in the Fatherland only to produce a few tuns of Johannisberg, Rudesheimer (*unter Haeuern*) and Liebfraumilch, but philanthropic makers are numerous enough to supply the whole world as often and as largely as they may be required.

When Mr. Denman asserts that there is "no pure or natural sherry sold in England," we think he is mistaken. It is certainly imported by private consumers, and some, at least, is sold by dealers, to purchasers of unsophisticated tastes. At the same time, there is no doubt that new sherry is constantly doctored into old, and that the drinker has the same right of complaining of fraud as Palstaff had when he detected the lime in his sack. Of course, port, which has not so entirely disappeared from "good society" as Mr. Denman thinks, is as freely "manipulated" as any other wine. Every "proof" of port being pure, fine, and old can be manufactured as easily as the wine itself; but the only proof a drinker of it can have is the state of his head, and, indeed, often of his legs, the next morning. Pain in the one and languor in the other will be delopous counter-proofs of the cleverness of the old-port-maker. It may be asked, "what of the old three-bottle men?"—men who thus drank port nightly—in fact, the Scotch Juggs not only did so, but they had it on their desks before their judgment-seats, and drank it daily, as well!—but then, it was "port wine" they drank. When the manufacturer got into the bottle, the stout old tipplers took to claret, and wondered

at getting drunk so rapidly on such "thin stuff." The manipulator had preceded them. Pure, unbranded port—notwithstanding all that may be said to the contrary—can now be procured in London—natural port, the finest growth on the Alto Douro—at prices varying from 24s. to 36s. per dozen. No doubt, "English port-wine drinkers," unaccustomed to the flavour, would at first regard it with as much disinclination as some regard Mader, and all persons, with properly regulated minds, permanently regard the Maresca that is said to come to England, but which is really the cheapest and nastiest of home-made poisons. "Port wine," says Mr. Denman, "must be sweet and strong, or it is not port; it is only a kind of claret;" but, without the sugar and the alcohol, it is a very excellent kind of claret; very much better than a good deal of the latter put upon table with a name, and, in the bill, with a figure, intended to dignify it.

Mr. Denman "goes in" for Greek wines; but (good as these may be) they are less free from alcohol than many persons suspect. As to the average proportion of alcohol, they only stand below port; they are above not only claret, but Burgundy. They are not, however, what are called brandied wines, nor are port and sherry in their natural state; but who is to guarantee them against adulteration, seeing that they are specially recommended to drinkers who have a lingering taste for brandied wines and a lasting one for full-bodied beverages? Meanwhile, the public taste for them is increasing, as the Board of Trade returns show. In 1866 nearly two millions of gallons were imported; last year more, nearly four millions. We attach more importance to this fact than the numerous testimonials in favour of Greek wines which Mr. Denman publishes. Some of them must have been drawn up with the recklessness of a mad doctor, in a hurry. Of one wine, a eulogistic writer says that it has "a peculiar vine flavour of a Tokay sort," while another describes it as "Chablis-like." Another person takes up another sort of Greek wine, and says, "Very much of an Amontillado sherry."—"Very," echoes an independent witness, "with an exquisite Sauternes flavour." A third demurs, and professes to be "a delicious mixture of hock and sherry." One supporter of Greek wines dubiously recommends his favourite by declaring that, "in some cases, it is one of the best medicines we have;" in which case we have more than mere doubts. We come upon another group of tasters over a different Greek vintage, and we hear one judge remark, "Madeira-like," to which a lady rejoins, "taste of nectar!" which we hope is no allusion to the efferecing drink so cheaply sold and so audaciously named. A perplexed wine-juror slips a glass from another tap, he finds it "full of body and flavour," and then gravely assures Mr. Denman that "it would suit to a marvel the first course of fish." Another seems to have only experience enough to compare the same wine with "the brandied cheap sherry," which are to be most found at feasts, where the wine is what is improperly called "supplied," for which this particular Greek wine "will never be given up"—an assertion which is hardly a recommendation. Again, we find a wine testified to by one taster as "very like what a natural port is said to be," with which Dr. Druitt does not exactly agree; for he describes it as "intensely sweet, full-bodied, rough and grapy." And, lastly, of Santorin, one taster deposes that it is "a natural, dry port;" a second that it is "a new wine approaching burgundy;" while an accommodating third (in the spirit of Mrs. Inchbold's Mr. Harmony, or of whether a portrait represented the Saracene Head or Sir Roger de Coverley) kindly suggests that there is a good deal to be said both sides, and that this wine is "something between port and burgundy;" and, indeed, a very excellent wine it is, but as different from both as each is from the other.

Mr. Denman's "What should we drink?" is a little riddle, the solution of which is "Greek Wines" in which he deals. He is perfectly justified in recommending them, either in the character of Monsieur Jossé, or through the friends, judges, and customers who agree with him. We can add our own testimony to the excellence, wholesomeness, and, in many cases, inexpensiveness of Greek wines; but we entirely dissent from the assertion, by whomsoever made, that natural sherry and natural port, at "reasonable prices," are not procurable in England.

CURIOUS AMERICAN STORY.—The American papers have set afloat a tale, which for its improbability exceeds all the inventions of sensational writers; yet its truth is maintained, and the incidents it relates, in said, arise from the basis of a forthcoming tale. Two friends, one a clergyman, the other a tailor—strange intimacy between the cloth and the cutter—fall out, and turn to bitter enemies. They part, and live sundered by miles, the clergyman's party words to his quondam friend being to the effect that he hoped, in the lapse of a year, he might see him dead, and rejoice over his corpse. Exactly a year runs out, and to the day comes a communication to the vindictive clergyman, informing him that his trial for the murder. Such strange deeds have, from time to time, come to light, engendered out of singular social condition and personal character of our American cousins, that there is just a bare possibility that this strange story may have a foundation of truth. It is reminded by it of a Russian story I read somewhere, of a murder at first supposed to have been committed by a dead man. It related that, according to a Russian custom, when anyone dies, the body of the deceased, on the day previous to interment, is brought to a church, where a priest passes the night in prayer for the dead man's soul. The priest in this instance was accompanied by a chorister, and was in the act of repeating the usual orisons, when, to his intense surprise, he beheld the body rise from the coffin and advance towards him. Rushing to the front, he sprinkled the dead man with holy water, adding all the formula of exorcism he was acquainted with; but the corpse seized the priest, threw him on the ground, and in the end slew him—a task already done by his hand, no doubt, by sheer fright. Having given himself this satisfaction, the body again quietly resumed its place in the coffin, and the young chorister, who had witnessed the whole scene, came from behind a pillar, whither he had retreated to avoid a recital of this extraordinary instance of post-mortem ferocity. For a long time the affair remained an inexplicable mystery, when a malefactor, about to suffer for his misdeeds, making a clean breast of all his crimes, confessed that, having a grudge against the priest, he had entered the church unseen, and taken the place of the corpse, dressing himself in his garments. Having dispatched the whole scene, he re-stated the body in its former position, and left the church as he had entered it.—*Once a Week*.

We understand that Sir Rowland Hill, since his retirement from the public service, has been occupying his leisure hours at his home, Hampstead green, in writing a full and complete "History of the Post Office," for which, as we need hardly say, he has had placed at his disposal all the official correspondence and other documents of the department over which he presided so effectively.











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